I may not suffer you to visit him,
The king hath straightlie charged the contrarie.
Qu. The king? whie, whose that?
Lieu. I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title;
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, Mother, and will see them.
Duch. Glo. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doo beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not do it. *Enter L. Stanlie.*
Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile salute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else sound,
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your grace?
Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the hoeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, go crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.
Duch. Yor. O ill dispersing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,

A Cocatrice

A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoided eie is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haste was sent.
Duch. And I in all vnwillingnesse will go,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge,
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,
Were red hotte steele to seare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadly poison,
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not the glorie,
To feede my humer, wish thy selfe no harme.
Duch. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries course,
When scarce the bloud was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint, which then, I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so young, so olde a widow,
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so madde,
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heare,
Grosselie grew captiue to his honie words,
And prou'd the subiectes of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timorous dreames,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.
Duch. Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for y
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glorie.
Duch. Glo. Adue poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of
Du. Yor. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide